National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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A Boy Lieutenant in a Black Regiment.

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY, First Lieutenant, 30th U. S. C. T.

At home in Worcester, the morning after my arrival in Annapolis, my father and mother were seated at the breakfast table. For more than three months they had not heard a word from me. The last news had been unfavorable, and their hearts were almost breaking with anxiety.

My father was looking over the morning paper, when he frightened mother by jumping up and almost upsetting the table. Swinging the paper around his head he gave the regular charging yell of the soldiers.

"Hurrah! mother, hurrah!" he shouted. "Our boy is alive! He reached Annapolis yesterday. O, my God, I thank thee!"

Then the old soldier broke down, and sobbed like a child. That forenoon a telegram assured my parents that I was well, and would be at home in a few days.

At Annapolis the Paymaster paid all of the paroled officers two months' pay, and in five days after a leave of absence for 30 days was granted me. In those days there were no Grand Union Depots in the city of Philadelphia, and passengers were transferred in horse cars from the Baltimore Depot to the New York Depot. I was feeling far from well. The reaction had set in, and at Annapolis only the prompt assistance of a skillful physician had saved me from severe sickness. A loss of appetite had followed the ravenous hunger of the first few days of my return to liberty, and I arrived in Philadelphia feeling weak and faint.

As I entered the horse car my bronzed face and weary, tired appearance attracted general notice. An old gentleman, whose very appearance was an evidence of wealth and the highest respectability, spoke to me.

"My young friend," he said, "you are looking very tired. Have you been ill?"

"I have been a prisoner for seven months, sir," I answered, "and I am not very strong."

At the word "prisoner" every one in the car was greatly interested. The old gentleman questioned me, and in a few words I told him where I was captured, where I had been confined, and when I had been released. The old man was extremely sympathetic. Drawing a card from his pocket, he said: "Here is my card. If you wish you can come to my house and remain to-night. I will call a carriage and take you there. You can call a policeman or any one you like to identify me; I am well known here. After a good night's rest I will send you on your journey."

I thanked him kindly, but told him that I was anxious to reach my home as soon as possible; that I knew that my parents were anxiously awaiting me. In the car was a beautiful young lady of about 20. She wore the Quaker bonnet and dress, and a lovelier, more modest, ladylike face never looked out from under a drab bonnet. She came and took the vacant seat by my side.

"Friend," she said, laying her little hand on my arm, "thee surely needs some refreshment. I will go with thee to the depot, and will procure something for thee."

I thanked her, but told her that I feared it would be too much trouble for her.

"It will be a pleasure to do a little for a soldier who has sacrificed so much. Surely thou wilt grant me that favor."

She was so irresistibly charming that it was impossible to decline her kind offer. The old gentleman nodded approvingly. When the depot was reached my fair conductress escorted me to my train, and saying, "Remain here, I will be back presently," disappeared in the direction of the "Soldiers' Refreshment Rooms."

In a few moments she returned with a bowl of steaming soup and a cup of tea. I did not think that I could eat anything, but I would have choked myself sooner than have refused the refreshment so kindly offered. To my surprise, after the first few mouthfuls, my appetite seemed to return, and I really relished the soup, and ate it all.

My fair entertainer watched me interestedly, and smiled approvingly. I gave her my name and regiment, and asked her name in return; but she only said, "Thee can remember me as a Philadelphia girl," and wishing me a safe journey, bade me farewell. Even now, after long years have passed, the vision of that lovely, saint-like face comes before me. If the wish and prayer of a grateful soldier boy have been fulfilled every earthly blessing and happiness has been hers all her life long.

HOME AGAIN.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when my train reached Worcester, and I walked to my home, and when I neared the house my parents heard and knew my footsteps on the sidewalk. When I reached the gate my father was at the door, and took me in his arms. Then, with my parents on each side of me, we sat and talked until the 7 o'clock whistles began to blow. Then my mother remembered that breakfast was needed.

"I'll stir up a johnny-cake," she said; "it will bake quickly, and you used to like it so much."

"Never mind, mother," said I; "I've had cornmeal enough to last me the rest of my life!"

As I related the story of the battle my father listened with flashing eyes, his soldier experience enabling him to appreciate every point and comprehend exactly how every movement had been executed. When I told of the fall of the bearer of the regimental flag, and how brave Bob Bowen had dashed in and rescued the colors from the very clutches of the enemy, the old soldier could hardly contain himself. With clenched hands and set teeth he sprang to his feet as though he would charge the enemy then and there.

My mother objected to my telling any more war stories.

"If you don't stop talking about charging and fighting," she said, "the first thing that we will know father will be off down to the recruiting office and enlist for another three years; then I'll go and enlist for a nurse, and Uncle Sam will have the whole family."

Soon after breakfast a neighbor came in to inquire for me, and in a very short time the news of my return had spread, and I was besieged with callers. Among them was a careworn, motherly-looking lady, and my heart sank when I saw her. Her son, a former schoolmate of mine, had enlisted in the 57th Mass., and had been captured at the battle of the mine. I had seen him at Petersburg the day after our capture. When we met the Andersonville prisoners at Raleigh I inquired after my friend, and was told that he had died at Andersonville. He was a Sergeant when captured, and soon after his commission as Second Lieutenant arrived at his regiment. But the poor boy never lived to see or wear the coveted shoulder-straps.

As gently as I could, I told his mother the sad news, and I could hold out no hope that there might be a mistake, and that he would yet return. She listened with a white face and trembling lips, and then went away crying softly. To me the mother's grief seemed worse than the slaughter of the battlefield.

The days passed quickly. Of course, I visited the blue-eyed girl who had written me such a sympathetic letter while I was a prisoner, and she seemed to have grown prettier than ever. Another visit that was greatly enjoyed was to my old cadet friends at the Highland Academy. Attired in a new uniform, with a broad-rimmed regulation army hat, which was ornamented with gold cord and tassels and silver Tenth Corps badge, and a large "30" on its front, I arrived at the Academy just before the drill hour.

My appearance made a sensation. The report had gone around that I was dead, and my cadet friends welcomed me as one from the grave. How the cadets seemed to envy me my practical army experience, and to some of the officers who had formerly patronized me I was very dignified, and managed to impress upon them the great difference between a real soldier and officer of the army and a school-boy cadet official.

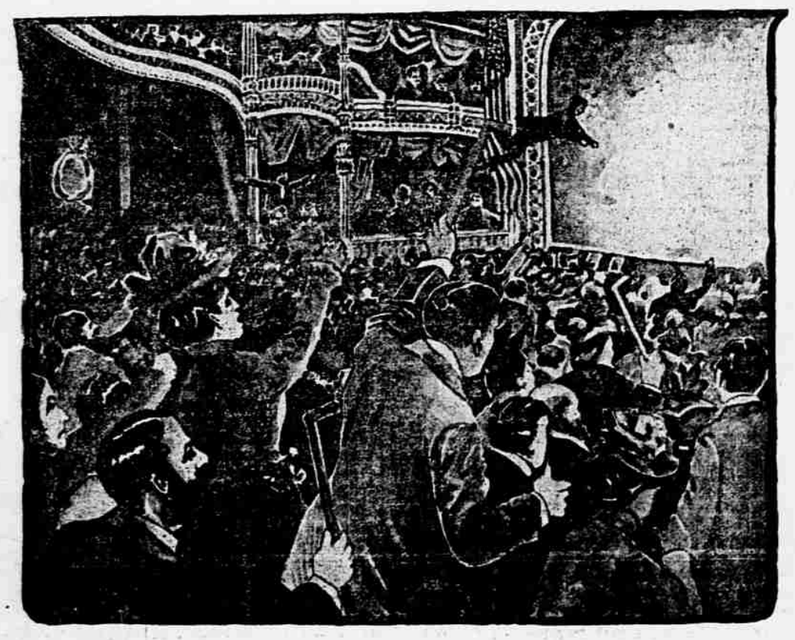
Before my leave of absence expired the news of the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army had reached us. From Maj. Smith came a long letter, telling how in North Carolina the regiment had done great service. It was desired to capture a certain bridge over the Neuse River, that it might enable Gen. Sherman's army to promptly obtain supplies from Gen. Schofield's army, who were marching to join them. The Confederates made desperate attempts to burn this bridge, but "the old 30th, she was on de skirmish line," and the rebels were driven away. In this action—Cox's Bridge N. C., March, 1865—the 30th had their last man killed in battle. "Hurry up," wrote the Major, "and get back to the regiment, so as to be 'in it at the death.'"

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

On April 12 I reported at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. On the night of April 14 we heard the long roll beating in the camp of the soldiers who formed the camp guard, and soon after some cavalry went by on the run. In a little while we heard the infantry going off on the double-quick. At that time there were several commands of Confederate cavalry who had not yet surrendered, and we thought it probable that they might be trying to make a desperate attempt to do some further damage before surrendering.

"It will be time enough for us to turn out when we hear the infantry firing," we said, and went to asleep again. In the morning we learned the dreadful news of the assassination of President Lincoln. No passes were allowed to any one, and all trains were stopped. The troops that we had heard moving the night before had extended a continuous guard line from the Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis Junction, a distance of over 30 miles. This was done before daylight. A number of persons living in that vicinity, known to be Southern sympathizers, were arrested while returning to their homes. Their horses were tired, muddy, and jaded. They gave as an excuse that they had been attending some country party. But that the conspiracy to assassinate prominent Union leaders was well spread and general there can be no real doubt.

When the great funeral services of President Lincoln took place at Washington, April 19, 1865, it was my privilege to form one of the escort, and to stand directly opposite the funeral car as it stood in front of the White House. How I remembered President Lincoln's hearty clasp of the hand the previous year, and his kindly greeting then!



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

On May 1 orders were issued declaring all paroled prisoners exchanged, and directing them to report at once to their regiments. My orders directed me to report to the Headquarters of the Lieutenant-General, Washington, for an order for transportation, the location of my regiment not being known to the authorities at Annapolis. As I entered the building at Washington where Gen. Grant had established his Headquarters, I met him coming out of the door. He was smoking the inevitable cigar, and wore citizens' clothing. I took a good look at him, knowing that, without his uniform, he could not exact any salute or reprimand me for my impertinence. Remembering my reception by the Regular officer a year previous, I entered the office with some little trepidation. An Orderly inquired my business, and then immediately took me to a desk where a Colonel was seated. I saluted, produced my orders, and stood waiting. The Colonel politely asked me to be seated. He then inquired in what corps my regiment was serving, and immediately sent a clerk to look the matter up. In less than two minutes the clerk had found the location of the regiment, and had filled out a blank order. The Colonel signed it, and passed it to me with a pleasant word. Had I been wearing a General's stars, instead of being only a little "line officer in a nigger regiment," I could not have been treated with greater courtesy.

THE STORY OF THE REGIMENT.

When the colored troops were driven out of the rebel intrenchments at the right of the Crater, July 30, 1864, they were so completely routed and broken that not even a company organization remained. Mixed with the other regiments of the brigade, most of the 30th U. S. C. T. ran across the open field, between the Union and Confederate lines, and jumped down behind the Union breastworks among the white troops. In crossing this field they were subjected to a terrible crossfire, and some fell. Seventy-eight of the regiment were reported as missing. None of these men were ever heard from. They were, without doubt, all shot down after they had surrendered, or ruthlessly bayoneted while lying wounded.

All that day the men remained in the front line, and when darkness came they were transferred to the very same breastworks that they had quitted the night before the battle. The regimental line was only half as long as it had been before the fight, and there were sad stories to tell of comrades dead or missing.

For six weeks they remained in this position, only leaving the breastworks for a short time to take part in the movement at Chaffin's farm, Sept. 30, 1864, and at the assault and capture of Fort Harrison.

Although under fire in both of these engagements, the regiment had no direct encounter with the enemy. During the month of August, 1864, the Fourth Division of the Ninth Corps was broken up, and some of the troops, among them the 30th U. S. C. T., became the Third Division. In October Gen. Grant ordered a flanking movement to the left, and on Oct. 27, 1864, the regiment, with the other troops of the Ninth and Second Corps, took part in the battle of Hatcher's Run. Col. Delevan Bates had been brevetted Brigadier-General "for gallant and meritorious service at the Petersburg Mine, July 30, 1864," and had been given command of the brigade.

HATCHER'S RUN.

Capt. Arthur J. Smith had been promoted to Major, and at the fight at Hatcher's Run was commanding the regiment. In advancing in line-of-battle the regiment came suddenly upon a Confederate battery, which opened upon them with canister. Lieut. William Woods, who was commanding Co. H, was struck in the neck by a canister shot and mortally wounded. In this battle an incident occurred, and brave Bob Bowen again distinguished himself. I will tell the story as after my return to the regiment I heard it told by one of the black veterans to a recruit. The recruit had noticed that all of the officers took great notice of Bowen, and always spoke to him when they answered his salute. Said the recruit:

"Wha' foh all de ossifers allers talk to Bob Bowen jes like he one ob de white men?"

"Boy," said the veteran impressively, "dey has a right to talk 'spectfully to Bob Bowen."

"How a right?" queried the recruit.

BOB BOWEN A HERO.

"Sit down dar on dat gum blanket, and I tole yo' all about it," said the old soldier.

The recruit seated himself and the veteran, first borrowing a chew of tobacco from his listener, began:

"'Spec' yo's heered how Bob Bowen saved de blue rig'mental flag at de Mine battle, an' how he was made a Corpril and given de flag to carry?"

"Yes," said the recruit, "I heered 'bout dat."

"Berry, well den, jes' listen, an' I tell yo' 'bout de charge dis brigade made at Hatcher's Run. De Color-Sergeant was sick, and Bob he was actin' Sergeant, carrying the Stars an' Stripes. W'en de brigade advance in line-ob-battle, dey run plum agin a rebil battery; fus ting dey knew it wos bang! bang! bang! and knocks ober 'bout 40 men right outen de line.

"A shot kill Lieut. Woods; he was wid Co. H. When de Lieutenant fall ober, Serg't Scott he say, 'Steady, men, steady; doan' forgit your good name;' but de line wavered an' dar was some 'fusion, but Bob Bowen he jes' steps right out and hol's up de flag, an' he voice roar out like a bull: 'Dis flag stays yere! Doan' ye dar to leave yore flag!'

"Umph! Boy, we'n I yere dat my heart swell right up, an' I 'low I gwine ter stay jes' as long as Bob Bowen does; but dis 's not de story I 'tending ter tell yo' 'bout.

"Dey move de brigade 'way fum dere an' come to a cl'arin' 'bout two hun'nerd yards across it; on de oder side was de Johnnies, an' dey had a light breastwork.

"I didn't right like de 'pearance ob tings myself, but de Major he rides up behin' de colors an' he say, 'Bob!'

"Bob say, 'Yes, Major!'

"Major say, 'Yo' see dat tall stump ober yander, in de rebil line?'

"Bob say, 'Yes, Major!'

"Major say, 'De brigade am gwine ter charge dat rebil line; w'en yo' gets de word, yo' go straight for dat stump; yo' understan'?

"Bob say, 'Yes, Major!'

"We's all's was lyin' down mighty flat, but in a minnit we heerd de Major—'peared like yo' could a heerd him a mile—'Tention, Battalion!' de men all stan' up—'Forrard—guide center'—Bob he walk right out in front wid de colors—'double-quick!'—de men all toss de rifles on de right shoulder—'March!'—an' 'way go Bob, not six paces, boy, but more dan 80 paces, ahead, holdin' de colors up high an' runnin' straight for de stump! An' de 30th seen him, boy, an' dey all yell like one man, an' dey goes after Bob! An' de odder rig'ments, dey seen de ole 30th a-chargin', an' dey yell an' charge too. De Johnnies didn't wait for us; dem rebils had a heap ob sense—dey got out ob dere.

"Bimeby de Major he cum round, an' he say: 'Whar was yo' goin', Bob?'

"Bob say: 'Straight for de stump, Major!'

THE REGIMENT AT FORT FISHER.

"An' w'en de regiment was down at Fort Fisher, an' Hoke's Division ob rebils cum out to charge us, Gineral Bates he rid along de line an' he say, 'Here's my ole 30th; yo's de boys foh me. Yo've licked dem troops ober yander befo', an' yo' kin do it agin'; an' he say, 'Here's brave Bob Bowen, de right man in de right place.' Now, does yo' unnerstan' w'y de white ossifers all speak to Bob? It's kase he's a man!"

In December, 1864, the Twenty-fifth Corps was organized, and the 30th U. S. C. T. was assigned to Gen. C. J. Paine's First Division. This corps was composed entirely of colored troops. The square was chosen as a corps badge. Its signification was that all the colored troops desired was an equal chance—a "square deal," in soldier language.

Gen. Paine's Division, to which the regiment was attached, was detached in December and sent on the first Fort Fisher expedition. Two terrible storms were encountered, and the transport on which the regiment was embarked sprang a leak, and came near foundering. Many of the men were fearfully seasick. Among the worst cases of seasickness was that of big Joe Wright, who was badly frightened, and who prayed most loudly and earnestly. The storm subsided, and the troops were successfully landed near Fort Fisher. Joe's courage returned with the firm land under his feet, and he was swearing and stuttering most vigorously over the loss of his haversack, when Serg't Offer rebuked him with: "Joseph, yo' shouldn't be a-cussin' dat-a-way; yo'd better be 'gaged in pra'r."

"P-p-pra'r be ——!" stuttered Joe. I-I-I-I'm a-a-ashore now!"

The first Fort Fisher expedition was a most miserable failure, and the troops were re-embarked in their transports.

A second expedition was sent out in January, and for the second time the 30th U. S. C. T. were landed on the sandy peninsula near the fort.

The division of colored troops was assigned the duty of protecting the rear line against the attack of a force which was expected from Wilmington. This line was attacked by Hoke's Division of veterans, and the brunt of the attack was borne by the 30th U. S. C. T. In this engagement the Captain who was commanding Co. H was severely wounded and a number of men killed and wounded. The direct assault upon the fort was made by Curtis's Brigade of white troops. But these white troops were preceded by details of colored soldiers with axes, who chopped away the heavy palisade of logs which surrounded the fort.

Lieut. Schwartz commanded the detachment from the 30th U. S. C. T. Gallantly leading his men, they waded through a swamp up to their waists, reached the palisade, and, under a severe fire of musketry, chopped down the palisade and afforded a passage for the white troops.

(Continued on second page.)

A Union Man in Richmond

Personal Recollections of the Great Rebellion, by a Man on the Inside.

BY A NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

Maj. John Yates and myself visited the battlefield three or four days later, and saw the wreck which war makes—shattered gun-carriages, remains of muskets piled in squares and burned, piles of cartridges, swords, etc. Wheatfields destroyed, fields and fences devastated, pine trees down in many directions, literally cut down by the solid shot from the cannon; dozens of dead horses were scattered over the fields, and one large field was almost covered with sheep skins and bones; this was the remains of Billy Crawford's large flock of sheep.

Crawford owned a large farm near New Hope, and was very wealthy. The sheep had gone to the right place—into the interiors of the defenders of the "Old Flag." The dead had all been buried by the soldiers or citizens, and some people, including ladies, were taking off what could be picked up. Riding up to a mound on which was a board, I noticed that it had been hastily constructed by kind hands to the memory of two members of the 3d N. Y. Cav. who had fallen on the field. A little further on, we came to the pretty little village of New Hope, but no longer pretty; many houses torn or riddled, and the few remaining inhabitants not entirely relieved of their fright.

Some 40 or 50 wounded Confederate soldiers lay under the trees, with arms, legs and hands bandaged. A lady approached, who gave her name as "Mrs. Cupp." She said that the citizens had done what they could for the wounded, and that no doctor had yet come; but they came later. One young soldier rose up and begged me to inform his aunt, who kept the toll-gate at Mt. Sydney, to come for him at once. I faithfully delivered the message, and his relative went promptly to his assistance.

Mrs. Cupp informed me that the battle, or much of it, had taken place all around the village, and that while she and her family were taking breakfast, a shell came through the house above their heads, and tore a large hole through the house, which was then plainly visible. Maj. Yates and myself then departed.

As we came to the pike, I rode almost into the center of the Confederate army of some 20-odd thousand troops on the silent march towards Winchester and Pennsylvania. This was just after Gen. Hunter had passed out of the Valley to Parkersburg. Later, as will be seen presently, I had the pleasure and distinguished honor, "sah," of seeing a portion of this army literally thrashed out of its boots at New Creek Station, 20 miles above Cumberland, Md.

It is now about the middle of July, 1864, and I am about to shake the sacred soil of Virginia from my feet, temporarily at least; and now, while waiting for Maj. Yates and Mr. Eagle to complete arrangements for my departure for the "land of the flag," I must tell the reader a delightful but true story of an occurrence in the village, and which, I warrant, is remembered to this day. At the time two or three persons only knew the facts in the case. Now they are given for the first time.

STEALING A UNION MAN.

Some six or seven miles from Mount Sidney resided a well-known Union man, John Brown by name. After the passage of the conscript act John had been hunted like a rabbit, for he positively refused to fight against the flag of his country. One Sunday morning, a month or two before I went north, Johnny Cribbens, of the village, came to me with the information that poor John Brown had at last been captured by two Confederate scouts, and was then a prisoner across the street, at the store of his grandfather, Mr. Cawthorne, and earnestly asked me to aid him in effecting Brown's release.

I consented without hesitation, strangely, as it now seems to me, as it was an exceedingly dangerous enterprise, which you will readily perceive. We consulted Maj. Yates, and the plan was speedily arranged. Johnny was to go to his grandfather's house, where Brown was, engage him in conversation, and get him a little way from the soldiers, gradually, but not out of sight. I was then to appear on the scene, engage the guard in conversation, treat them to country wine, regale them with interesting stories, etc., while Johnny, who knew Brown, and liked him, was to give him the hint, and he should fly to the ridge back of the village, and be saved.

The plan worked admirably. I went over; Johnny was seated by Brown, talking in a low tone, taking a message to Brown's wife. They sat just inside of the door adjoining the store, where the soldiers were drinking. Entering, I saluted the two soldiers; their guns rested in a near corner. I then said: "Gentlemen, will you join me in a drink of wine; our friend has nothing stronger."

They eagerly agreed; then cigars, when they asked: "Have you any late news, sir?" I replied: "Not a great deal, but I could give you a charming story about Gen. Robert E. Lee," which was then current in Richmond; then told them that I was from Richmond on a visit to a friend. They would be charmed to hear anything about "Uncle Robert." This was my story:

"Now, gentlemen, you see, one day in Petersburg Gen. Lee was riding up Main street to the fortifications, when a handsome lady, a widow, accidentally fell in the street near the General, who dismounted and gracefully assisted her to rise."

"Good!" cried the soldiers; "just like 'Uncle Robert.'"

I proceeded thus: "The General announced his name and rank, and, as happened many a time before in novels, and out of them, the lady actually fell in love with the General then and there."

"Uncle Bobby is a handsome man, sure."

I proceeded: "Now, when she learned that Gen. Lee was a married man, she fainted dead away in her mother's arms."

"Poor thing," commented my listeners.

"Now," I continued, "hear the finale of the affair. She"——

"Say, Jim," suddenly cried one of the soldiers to the other; "how is our prisoner?" and stepping to the door with their muskets in hand, cried out as one man:

"He's gone, by gum!" And it was even so; Johnny had gone too! Good Mrs. Cawthrone sat there looking as innocent as a baby. She was deaf, but the soldiers knew it not, and asked her with loud voices where Brown was. She smiled in their faces; only this and nothing more. The house was searched, and one soldier went under the house and mistook a log for Brown; then came out and gave it up. This was almost too much for me. I was repaid in great part for the trouble I had taken and endured. The soldiers rode off to Staunton to report. What they reported I never knew.

PASSING THROUGH THE LINES.

We were all ready, and on July 14, 1864, Maj. Yates and myself left his house after twilight, after bidding adieu to the family and my little son. With great sorrow I must announce here that on my return, after the war, I was grieved far beyond what words can describe to know that, during my absence, my little son Willie and Miss Mary Ella Yates, a daughter of Maj. Yates, had passed away to their eternal rest in the heavens, where there are no wars or rumors of wars.

As stated above, Maj. Yates and myself passed from his house, after twilight, on July 14, 1864, and after a walk of a mile, reached a crossroad west of the village, where Mr. Eagle, a noted Union man, living near the village, soon arrived, in company with three other persons—a Mr. Lemon, of Lynchburg, Va., and two others named Johnson, deserters from Gen. Imboden's command.

Bidding the Major adieu, with many mutual good wishes, we marched on, Mr. Eagle in front on horseback. He rode on ahead 50 yards or so, cautioning us if he should meet any one he would address him or them in a loud voice, when we must conceal ourselves until the party had passed.

We reached the house of the next guide,—Mr. Driver, a Menonite,—where we slept until midnight, or later. Then Mr. Driver took us in charge, and we traversed the dry bed of the North River, coming out at Stribbling Springs, west of Staunton. We saw the lights and heard talking at the building then used as a hospital by the Confederates. We soon after took the circular road round the mountain to "White Oak Lick," the home of our next guide, Mr. James Todd, and who was familiarly known as "Uncle Jimmie" Todd, a famous Union man, hunter, scout, and guide.

trigger rifle resting easily in the hollow of his left arm. His son Sam, hardly less noted, stood near.

We were greeted in the most cordial manner by Mr. Todd and his son, who also carried a hair-trigger rifle. The old hunter was brief and to the point. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "you are vouched for. You must promise to obey me in all things while I am with you."

We agreed; I going in front, Sam bringing up the rear.

"If we are interrupted," continued Uncle Jimmie,—"you have revolvers, I see,—we shall put up the prettiest little fight you ever saw in your life."

We all fell in love with Uncle Jimmie on first sight. He then said:

"Forward, men," and we marched in line. We went about a northwest direction over a ridge first, then to a spring, which was dry, there having been a great drouth that year; forward up another ridge, and a spring was found, where we drank, and Uncle Jimmie filled his canteen. Just here the hunter's daughter approached us, after we had heard a low whistle, with bread and meat and a bottle of milk. We blessed the "fair Martha" and feasted, when she departed with many good wishes for the refugees. Everybody shook her hand tenderly at parting.

Soon after we reached the "Big Spring" at the head waters of the North River, where a body of water two or three feet in diameter flowed out of a solid rock; a wonderful curiosity. A little further we reached the summit of the Great North Mountain, where we slept until morning, and immediately pushed on. It was very good walking. We looked down into the distance in the Counties of Augusta and Pendleton, W. Va. Grand sights, surely. Thus we went for 12 or 15 miles, when Uncle Jimmie halted and examined the roots of a tree. All right! Now we went down the mountain side nearly seven miles into Pendleton County, W. Va., through a wilderness of mountain flowers of every hue of the rainbow. Uncle Jimmie pointed out here the famous "Bear's Hell," so called because the bears, when closely hunted took refuge here. It seemed a patch of a hundred acres or more of mountain laurel.

At the foot of this mountain, at a spring, the hunter made a short speech, more than he had said during the whole trip:

"Now, friends," he said, "my journey ends here; that path to the right leads to the house of 'Madam Joseph,' your next guide; she is a real mountain Union woman; we have no better friend than she; trust her; and for fear you have forgotten the sign you are to give her, I now show you this: Separate the forefinger and second fingers of the right hand; now the same movement of the left hand; then lay the two fingers of the right hand across the two fingers of the left hand, which will form a square; and when you approach Mrs. Joseph, she will ask you where you are from. Then form this square with your fingers and look through it and answer: 'Uncle Jimmie Todd.' Don't forget; she will then be your servant, to command."

The hunter charged nothing for his services, but we all presented him with sums of money varying from $5 to $25 and upwards. I gave him $2 extra for his canteen. I then told him not to forget the overcoat I hid behind a rock, which I had given him, and which he was to get on his return. He said sure he would get it, and would prize it highly, besides. We shook hands all round, with many mutual good wishes; and this famous hunter and his son, who had much troubled the Confederate Government, disappeared up the mountain path.

"SHE STOOD IN A DEFIANT ATTITUDE, WATCHING US."

Reaching a point about a mile of Uncle Jimmie's house, we concealed ourselves by the roadside, while Mr. Driver went on to announce our arrival. Returning, he told us to pass over the road at once, and Uncle Jimmie would be there in a few moments, some 50 yards up a gorge in the mountain.

When Mr. Driver departed, we crossed the road rapidly to the gorge, and in a moment or so the famous hunter and scout, Uncle Jimmie Todd, who had defied the whole Confederate Government, stood calmly before us with his famous [illegible] Rapidly we sped on, a couple of hundred yards, to Madam Joseph's. She stood in her doorway in a defiant attitude, eying us rather strangely, and said as we approached her: "Where are you from?" Forming the square with my fingers, I looked through it and replied:

"[illegible] Jimmie Todd."

[illegible]gic in the words, I per-